

A Fawcett Publication

Gabby Hayes[®]

Western

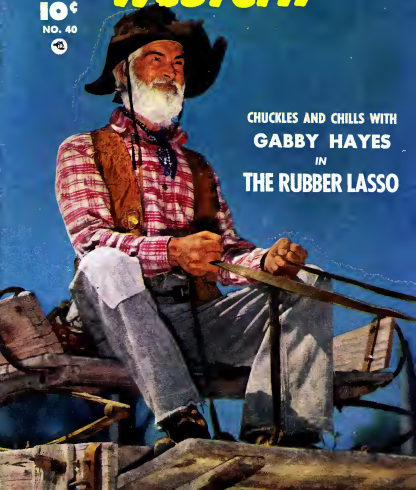
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NO. 40



CHUCKLES AND CHILLS WITH
GABBY HAYES
IN
THE RUBBER LASSO













THE COLORED BUNNIE (LARGO) CARRIES THE BUCKLE,
CATAPULTING GREAT BACH AT THEM!





CHIEF GREY MATTER ISN'T SQUASHED



YOUNG FALCON AND THE THIED TRAPPERS

THIS YOUNG FALCON
NAMED LIND HUNTER
OF THE MOON AND
FOX OF EYLL, WAGES
HIS WAR THROUGH
THE HILL COUNTRY--

GOOD DAY TO YOU,
FRIEND. WHY DO
YOU HAIL ME?

IN ANSWER IF YOU'D
KNOW THE WAY TO THE
OLD FINE ON BEAVER'S
MOUNTAIN. I WANT TO
DRIVE A TRUMP
TREE.



YOU ARE
ON THE
RIGHT PATH
NOW. YOU
GO TO TRAP
BEAVERS?

THAT'S RIGHT. THE
GOVERNMENT HAS --
[THINK]-- OFFERED
BEAVER MOUNTAIN
FOR CONVENTION BY
TRAPPERS. WAGGON
ROCKS IN THE MOUNT--
CAME!--FOLKS IN A
MIND GETS THE TRAIL
FIND LOTS OF FOR THE
MOUNT.



YOU SEEM
VERY GOOD
FRIEND. YOU
BEST FIRST
BEFORE COME
ON. THERE
WILL BE
FULL OF
WAGGON. AND
WANT FOR
AN EASY
MOUNT.

I DON'T KNOW--
[THINK]--WAGGON
MOUNTAIN IS --
CAME!--SO
THINK. I GET
PLenty OF
WAGGON LAST
MOUNT.



IT BE ALL RIGHT--[THINK]--
THANK, FATHER--
SAYING YOU.

GOOD LUCK
TO YOU.









GABBY HAYES

and THE TALKING DUCK

SOLLY GABBY!
DON'T I GO BACK
HUNTING WITH YOU
IN BIG HORN WARRIOR?

NOPE! THIS IS MAAP'S
WATER! TERRY! GIVE ME
AND BRUCE YOUR BOOKS,
IF YOU WANT TO BE
EDUCATED LIKE ME!

WARRIORS GABBY NEVER DUCKS TALKING,
BUT FOR ONCE HE'S SPEECHLESS---WHEN
HE MEETS THE TALKING DUCK!

BIT TIGHT, TERRY!
I'LL BRING HOME
A BIG DUCK
OWNER!

I WONDER IF I'LL
EVER BE BIG
ENOUGH TO CATCH
MY OWN DUCK!

3 O'CLOCK, UPSTREAM
IN BIG HORN WARRIOR...

THESE DUCKS
DON'T GO TO GET
ACTION PHOTO!
I CARRIED THEM MY-
SELF--AND I KNOW
I KNOW ALL THERE
IS TO KNOW ABOUT
DUCKS.

















TAR AND FEATHERS

A Gabby Hayes Tall Tale

By Gabby Hayes



I WAS just sitting there, all hunched over reading the fine print, and I never heard the door open or anything. I tell you, I was really concentrating on the reading and, as you blame well know, a kerosene lamp don't exactly light up a place like the noonday sun. First thing I realized there was somebody else in the room was when my left ear got to kind of tickling. I looked that way out of the corner of my eye, expecting maybe to see a mosquito and blamed it if I didn't notice my ear was playing possum to the music of a Colt 44.

Balls of fire! It felt downright unpleasant! What's that? You say where was I and what was I doing there? Well, maybe I am getting a mile ahead of the story. Gather up close around the campfire so I won't have to shout myself deaf and I'll tell you a real, hair-raising tale about the time I was the editor of a newspaper.

I reckon there's not a red-blooded American in the whole West that hasn't wished he was a newspaperman, one time or another. A fellow's blood gets to boiling sometimes and he would give his eye teeth to be able to write a whorap-lug, thundering editorial, denouncing all the wickedness of the community. That's just the way I was feeling one day when I happened to be over to the room of *Saddle River Times*, which is just two whoops and a holler northwest of Rosbide.

And look, as I thought, played right into my hands, for the first person I ran into was the editor of *The Saddle River Times* and he said, "Gabby, how much money have you got?"

I replied, "I reckon I've got just about forty iron men on me."

He said, "You hand those forty dollars over to me and I'll sell you my whole newspaper, printing press, goodwill and all."

When I sort of hesitated, he said, "It's a

rare bargain at that price, Gabby. Why I've got a practically new left-handed type stretcher in there that cost me thirty-seven dollars last year, and I'll throw that in, too."

Of course, being a cattin'ing, I didn't know anything about the market price for a left-handed type stretcher, but I didn't let on to him. That would've showed my ignorance. I was really straining at the bit to buy that paper, but I didn't want to let on to him that I was anxious. I hemmed and hawed and said, "If this here deal is such an all-fired bargain, why are you so anxious to sell her?"

"I've got to, Gabby," he said, "I've got to go to Arizona for my health."

He did look a mite pale and I remarked as much. "Sure," he continued. "I've been told I won't live very long if I stay in this here climate."

It's a strange thing. He looks a little bit like me, or so I've been told. Best the same size and wears his whiskers the same way and all. Only I'm just as healthy as a hog and he looked downright sickly when I was talking to him. So I knew he wasn't lying about wanting to leave town for his health. I gave him the forty dollars and I became editor of *The Saddle River Times*.

He handed me the key and said I'd have plenty of time to get the hang of running the press and all that because he had already printed that week's issue and I wouldn't have to get out another one for seven days. So I went into the office and it was getting on toward night and I lit the lamp, which gave off a mighty dim light, like I was saying.

On the desk were all kinds of papers and scribbles and proofs and such truck and also there was a quart bottle which looked like it was empty of everything but the smell. I sniffed at it and knew it was less price and I

figured maybe the editor had been indulging, probably on account of his poor health. Well, I never touch the stuff myself, so I flung the bottle out the window and went to reading the fun part.

That's when I got the gun stuffed in my ear, I yelled, "Hey, what's going on?"

The man-looking hombre behind the gun growled like a voice coming up out of the bottom of a barrel. "Are you the editor of this paper?"

"Yes, I'm the editor, but . . ."

"Get up!" he said. "Don't try any tricks. I'm going to take you out to the edge of town and horsewhip you!"

I started to object but he growled, "Shut up. One more word out of you and I'll shoot you down here and now!"

Well, of fire! He had me! What could I do but keep quiet? He kept that gun tight against my head and we moved toward the door. There was a big correction. Two hombres bigger than him came in and they had guns drawn. "Hear it?" they said to him. "Get!" He got.

I kind of sunk back in the editor's chair and whooshed out a sigh of relief. "Thanks, fellows," I said. "You sure saved my skin. He was aiming to horsewhip me!"

"You'll soon be checking us out of the other side of your chair, Mr. Editor!" snarled one of them.

"That's right!" snapped the other. "Get up and get moving. We aim to tar and feather you!"

Once more I tried to protest and once more I got shut up with the threat of a bullet in the back. Those two marched me outside and down a dark alley to where I could hear some horse whinnying. We were almost to the end of the alley when three men showed up, all carrying shotguns.

The leader of the three bellowed, "Went up! Who've you got there, boys?"

"We've got that no-good, blasted editor," responded one of my captors. "We're going to tar and feather him and ride him out of town on a rail!"

"Oh no you're not!" came the answer. "We're taking him over. We aim to lynch him!"

Well, pard, as you know, I'm not scared of

anything myself, but my heart must be kind of cowardly for it was going "rumpety-boompety-boomp-boomp!" I was really in the pickle yet.

There was some palaver amongst these men that gave me an inkling of what had happened. It came like my predecessor, the editor that sold me the paper, had swallowed up a quart of that loco juice and then had gone hog wild in printing stuff about everybody in town. He had printed stories that said the local doctor was a quack, that the banker was a hypocrite, that the blacksmith was a stage robber, that the sheriff took bribes, and so on and so forth. He'd made everybody in town angry. And in a dim light, he looked like me! He wonder he left town for his health!

And here were these hombres palavered about whether it would be better to tar and feather me before they lynched me—or after!

I SUNK back against a haystack while they were deciding what to do with me. My brain was kind of numb, but it worked better than most brains at that. I yelled, "Hey, you ought to at least let the condemned man have a smoke before he dies." (As you know, I never use tobacco, but they didn't know it.) They agreed I could have the smoke. One of 'em handed me the makings and a match. I lit the match, then kind of accidentally on purpose dropped it in the haystack.

That old hay blazed up until it was as bright as day. I stood off in that light and bellowed, "Look, men! I'm not the editor you're after. I'm Gabby Hayes from Riverside!"

So, when they could see me real good, they all agreed they had made a mistake and they let me go. That was the end of my adding days. I decided the printing press and all to the hombre who owned the haystack I burned up. I figured it was a fair trade. And I sure hope he has a good use for that practically new iron-banded type stretcher.

THE END

Don't miss GABBY HAYES' hilarious adventures in each issue of GABBY HAYES WESTERN

THE RICH TOWN!





GABBY HAYES

and THE BAD ACTOR

SIGH!

COOOH!
HE'D BE
HANDSOME!OH, HE'S BEAUTIFUL!
HE'S AS GOOD AS
YOU SAID I
WAS A LITTLE
DULL!GREETINGS,
MR. DEAN
PARK!WHERE OUR
FAVORITE
THEATREHARTLEY BOGGER,
HOLD UP MAN
STOLEN CARBUT HE WAS A
REAL OLD FATHER
BY LOVE HE
DIED!

GABBY CAN BURN BRICKS, BOAT HITCHHIKES AND
TALK DOWN A TORNADO -- BUT HE'S A BOMBING GREEN
HORN AT DANCE HALL PRETTY BOON BLUE HUSBAND,
FROM THE RED COUNTRY OF THE BAD ACTOR!

HE'D BE
PROUD TO
BURN YOU
AROUND THE
BELL
NOTHING!HOW! SUCH A PRETTY
LADY TO OWN SUCH
A HIGH PRINCE! SHE'S
WELL WORTH MY
ATTENTION!LEAD THE WAY, MY
DEAR! I'M... ANGRY! --
VERY INTERESTED IN
YOUR MARCH!

HOW THRILLING!

GREET!

THAT BLACK
ACTOR, WELL
STILL, ELIE
FROM BAD!POOOO--PAAAA! --
ELIE THOMPSON
IS USED TO FORGESS
HE-HE! NOT BURN-
FIRE ACTING!













